

### What a Lie Did.

"I once had an example of how well it is to tell the truth," said a gentleman who was once a prominent candidate for local office. "I was in the country when I was traveling on horseback through a very lonely part of the country. I was never a brave man, and I was not in the least surprised upon discovering that I was being followed by a party of thirty-five, every one of them carrying a rifle. I suddenly cried out a bird's name, and I couldn't think of anything but robbers and desperados, and shuddered as I remembered a man, who, years ago, had been killed by a party of desperados, murdered in cold blood. Every feature of the scene came back as recalled, and I turned sick, when the gaping wound in his throat came up with startling verisimilitude. I thought, 'This is reflected, a short turn of the wheel,' and I turned back, and a thickly wooded hill, brought me almost face to face with two men who seemed to be standing for me. Their horses were hitched to a magnificent grapevine, and the suggestive manner in which they looked at the animal I was riding sent a thrill, like a streak of icewater, up my back. I saw at once that they were desperados, and I felt that they would not hesitate to kill me. I was silent for a moment, and then I asked them for such more on my

part would, I was convinced, prove certain death. For the first time in my life I resolved to play the bully, and assuming that I fancied was an unconcerned spectator, I said, "Good morning."

"How are you?" they replied. "Going far?"

"I don't know that it is any of your business," I replied. "I don't want any trouble with you, for I have decided to lend a better life. Never again do I wish to see that I shed the blood of a human being."

"A bad man, I reckon," said one of the desperadoes.

"At one time I could not have denied such an accusation; but, as I tell you, I have resolved never to kill another man.

"Hold on, will not molest me!"

"Hold on podner?"

"I've got time to talk."

"But hold on! What's your name?"

"I'm Bill Potson, the outlaw, and the man of whom you have often heard. I have killed men for less than this, and I don't want you to cause a breaking of my word."

"Do as you like about your resolve," said the taller of the desperadoes, "I'd like to give you a bit of advice. I don't know who you are, but I know that you are not Bill Potson, the robber."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am Bill Potson, and this is my brother."

"Oh, Lord!" I supplicated, "have mercy on me!"

"Climb off that horse, Cap; I reckon we'd better hang you right here."

"I begged but saw no mercy in their eyes," he said, and had no answer.

"I'll teach you how to ride around the country, committing depredations, and laying them on to me! Fine man, you are! Stole this horse, I reckon. John, get that rope off my saddle. We'll swing him up right here."

"You're a fine, fine, fine bride I never committed any depredations. I am a candidate for Governor of Arkansas, and am on my way to meet an opponent at a place of discussion. You wouldn't hang a Governor would you? Just think of what your State would lose!"

"What's your opponent?"

"Col. Ripley."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"  
 "He's a bad man."  
 "Are you well acquainted with him?"  
 "I never saw him but I know he is a bad man."  
 "He is much better man than you are, or at least will soon exhibit more capacity for executive duties than you can possibly show. In short, he'll be the livest man pretty soon."

"They put the rope around my neck. I prayed in vain. I asked the Lord to forgive my sins and closed my eyes, every moment expecting to be drawn up."

"If I let you go will you promise never again to use by name."

"I swear I won't. Let me live and I'll be a better man. I'll do anything

"I mounted my horse and rode away with fearful thankfulness and a determination never to talk another lie. Next day when I reached the place of discussion, a large crowd had gathered. When I arrived, the people were shouting with laughter, Great! Great! The first one was relating my experience. Shoving one way forward, I recognized in the speaker the tall man who had accused me of taking his name. He was my opponent. I could not face the crowd, and I stepped as rapidly as possible. The whole thing was a farce. The tall man I was defeated by an overbearing

majority."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

**Washing Away the Earth.**

No particle of sand which goes down into the sea ever comes back. Yet the particles leave the surface of the earth every second and are carried, suspended in the waters of more than twenty thousand rivers, out into the oceans. There are more than a hundred streams, classes of them, on the coast of Louisiana alone. Each one of these has several hundred creeks, brooks and spring branches tributary to it. Each brook or spring branch, with its countless rivulets, clasps the hillsides and drags down the

—down into the creeks, run into the rivers down into the ocean. And there the atoms rest patiently; each atom waiting for its sisters and its cousins and its aunts still lingering in the fields and on the fields and on the hills, yet creeping slowly to the gates and thence to the sea. This process has been going on for a long time when "the world was without form and void," whereby the primeval rocks were disintegrated and spread abroad in fertile fields; whereby the fertile fields are slowly being washed back into the ocean; whereby the bottom of the ocean is being prepared to elude the atoms again to the light and to form other fields whereon cotton and wheat—or something or other will grow. This is

waiting for its sisters and its cousins and its aunts still lingering in the fields and on the fields and on the hills, yet creeping toward the gullies, and thence to the sea. The process has been going on since the time the world was without form and void;" whereby "the barren fields were disintegrated and spread abroad in fertile fields; whereby the fertile fields are slowly being washed back into the oceans; whereby the bottom of the oceans is being prepared to be elevated again to the high land; whereby the fields whereon cotton and wheat and something or other will grow. This is the very apotheosis of 'demnition grind.'" He who originated that phrase spoke more scientifically than he knew. Life,

toward the gullies, and thence to the sea. This process has been going on since the time when "the world was without form and void," whereby the primeval rocks were disintegrated, and the wastes into fertile fields; whereby the fertile lands are slowly being washed back into the oceans; whereby the bottom of the ocean is being prepared to be elevated again to the light and to what other things that may grow there, or something or other will grow there, the very apotheosis of "demonium grind." He who originated that phrase spoke more scientifically than he knew. Life, animate and inanimate, is simply a gradual growth of the higher parts and the distribution of matter in the hollow.

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and void;" whereby the primeval rocks were disintegrated and spread abroad in the various fields; whereby the fertile fields are slowly being raised up into islands and oceans; whereby the bottom of the ocean is being prepared to be elevated again to the light and to form other fields wherein cotton and wheat or other crops will grow. This is the very hypothesis of creation given. He who originated that which speaks more scientifically than he knew. Life, animate and inanimate, is simply a grinding down of the higher parts and the distribution thereof in the hollow. The outcome of earth, after millions of years of grinding, is the nature of a large billiard ball whirling through the sky, with nothing in the

the snow being whined back into the ocean; whereby the bottom of the ocean is being prepared to be elevated again to the light and to form other fields whereon cotton and wheat—or something or other will grow. This is the very apotheosis of "demonition grind." It is more than a phrase, it is a phrase spoke out of the mill of the universe, of animate and inanimate, is simply grinding down of the higher parts and the distribution thereof in the hollow. The final outcome of earth, after millions of years, must be something in the nature of a large billiard ball whirling through the sky, with nothing but the world on it except a smother, dead surface.

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